



THE PURPLE AND GOLD

ARMSTRONG TOWNSHIP
HIGH SCHOOL

VOLUME ONE
1918

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS



ARMSTRONG TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOL

TO THE
TAXPAYERS OF DISTRICT 225
MIDDLEFORK TOWNSHIP
IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF THEIR PART
IN ESTABLISHING THIS SCHOOL
WE, THE CLASS OF NINETEEN EIGHTEEN
DO DEDICATE
THIS FIRST VOLUME OF
THE PURPLE AND GOLD

HISTORY OF THE A. H. S.

UNTIL the fall of 1914 Armstrong had only a two year high school, and a very poor two year high school it was. People realized this fact. Some of the boys and girls of the community were going elsewhere for their high school education, while others received no more than that obtained in the grades, even tho' we had a two year high school. There was practically nothing to work for in the course taught and consequently many did not take it. Other places round about us were establishing good high schools, and many of the people of our community felt our need and that we were entitled to the same privileges as the other places, also they did not care to send their children elsewhere to be educated, and as a result desired that a good high school be established here.

All reform movements need some one to start them, and we were fortunate in having a number of very capable citizens who took the first step towards securing a good high school at Armstrong. This was in the spring of 1914. They were quick workers and deserve much praise. By July first they were thoroughly organized, and on July fifteenth of that year the following school board was elected: A. S. Bass, President, A. G. Maury, Secretary, J. S. Kuykendall, W. S. Smith, G. C. Howard, J. A. Dewey, and H. M. Lucky.

The lodge hall of our town was chosen as a building for the first year of school, and it was rather an experiment this year. However, at the end of the term the school had proved successful, but not the building—it was not large enough. This was evident proof of the need of a high school building and the interest taken, although yet an experiment.

Our humble abode for the following year was a private dwelling on "Main Street," but it in turn proved too small and a new building became a necessity. Early during that fall the right was obtained to buy a site and construct a new building, which was complete and ready for the opening of school September 1916. Words can scarcely express our pride upon entering the new building and pride for the people of our community who had made our dream of a building all our own a reality. The building was dedicated September 9th, 1916.

The School Board remained the same, with but one exception during the entire history of our school; H. M. Lucky was replaced by R. F. Creighton.

Our High School is now fully accredited by the University of Illinois. The following poem which we add, by the kind consent of the author, who was one of the leaders who took the first step toward establishing our High School, really explains the history much better than we can do.

THE STORY OF A SCHOOL

Come listen, my friends and you shall hear
The story of the School we hold most dear.
The School for which we worked and prayed
And now is here though long delayed.

For some years past we have felt the need
Of a good High School, but how to proceed
Was a thing that vexed and sorely tried
All who had interest or took any side.

Two teachers there were who kept things hot
They were called I think, just "Okie" and "Ott."
For teachers you know when they get "sot"
Rather think they know just what is what.

So things went on and nothing was done
And children were going one by one
To other towns to finish school
And out from under their parents rule.

At last one night while talking it o'er
With a friend or two in Maury's store
Says "Dutch", "Get busy and make a try
At this proposition of a Township High."

Then out we went with our old "Road Louse"
And made a canvass from house to house.
We headed the list with "Deak" and "Dutch"
And "Parson" and "Shake" and many such.

With these and others that were glad to sign
(Though some had refused to fall in line)
We soon had all that was required of us
And felt mighty good that there'd been no fuss.

But a cry went up from the north end bunch
Something or other had given them a hunch,
That we were doing what wasn't just fair
And so they went straight up in the air.

We thought that we were wrongly accused
But they thought they were being abused.
To keep the peace and prove that we were square
We did the thing we thought was fair.

"If what you said you'll agree to take back
And believe we are square," said Deak to Jack,
"We will do as you wish and give you that mile."
To which all agreed and parted with a smile.

Of course we had to do over again
The work we had done when the trouble began.
So out we went and hustled to get
A new petition which we got, you bet.

Then a vote was taken to obtain the right
To establish this school, and without much fight.
The Cause was won and everybody glad
And a Board was elected, the best to be had.

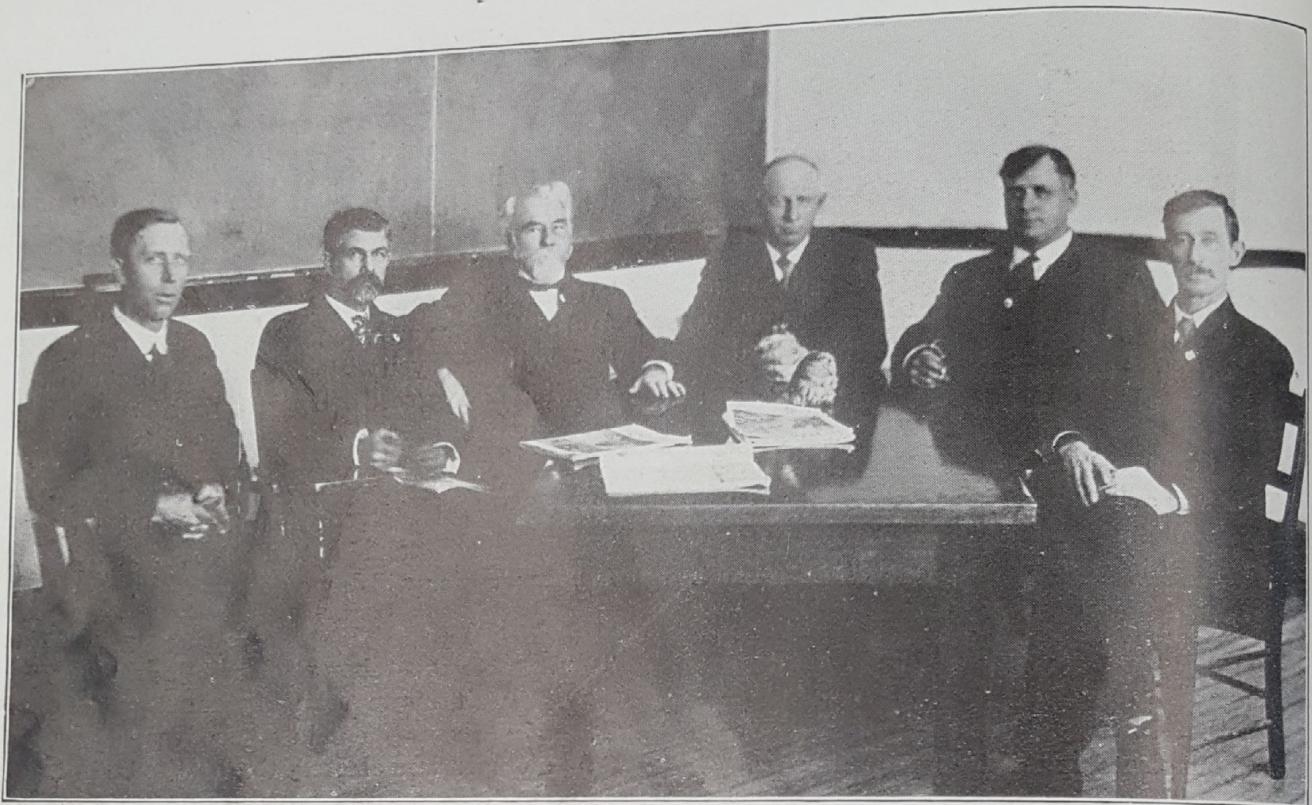
For want of a better, a hall was let
And school was started by "Prof. Gett"
A school it was of the first degree
Though how he managed I cannot see.

Two years the school has flourished and grown
A wonder to those who had to be shown,
A source of knowledge and interest alike
To those who went their minds to enlight.

Meanwhile the Board were as busy as bees
Endeavoring to find a site that would please,
To build this house which now is complete
And which you think is hard to beat.

A house of knowledge, a monument of art,
In building of which you have all taken part.
One which will remain a memorial, I believe,
That generations to come will honor and receive.

O. E. H.



BOARD OF EDUCATION

BOARD OF EDUCATION 1914-1918

OFFICERS

A. S. BASS, President

A. G. MAURY, Secretary

G. C. HOWARD

J. S. KUYKENDALL

W. S. SMITH

R. F. CREIGHTON

J. A. DEWEY



THE EDITORIAL STAFF

THE EDITORIAL STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

IRENE BASS

BUSINESS MANAGER

DEWEY FOSTER

LITERARY

LAVONA CREIGHTON

ATHLETICS

EDWARD FOSTER

JOKES, CALENDAR

OLIVE RANDLE

ART

VIOLA BARNETT

EDITORIAL

We herewith present to you the first volume of "The Purple and Gold." We hope that it will not prove a disappointment. It has many faults and deficiencies, but we are not ashamed of it, because we know that they are largely due to our inexperience rather than to our lack of interest or sincerity in presenting, this, our first attempt, to you. We have done our best, and labored with care that it might be a success, and we feel that it is something to be able to place it before you at last. May its readers regard it with the kindest light possible for upon your verdict rests its success. We have put into it the best and most pleasant part of our school life, omitting all that might prove disagreeable or unpleasant.

We realize that we have been aided by an especially good body of teachers during our high school career, from whom we have learned many lessons from life as well as from our books. We wish to express our gratitude to them, as well as to the many other people who have helped us in our school life and in preparing this volume.

We have heard it said that we do not appreciate what the citizens of this community have done for us, and that we do not take the best advantages of our opportunities while in high school. As for the later, only time will tell, but we wish to say we do appreciate what has been done for us, and wish we had more opportunities to show our appreciation, but the best that we can do for the present is to leave "The Purple and Gold" as proof.



THE FACULTY



H. F. CROSBY, B. S.
PRINCIPAL
University of Illinois
Instructor in Agriculture and Biology

ETHEL BROOKS, A. B.

University of Illinois
History and Domestic Science



MILTON D. HARPER

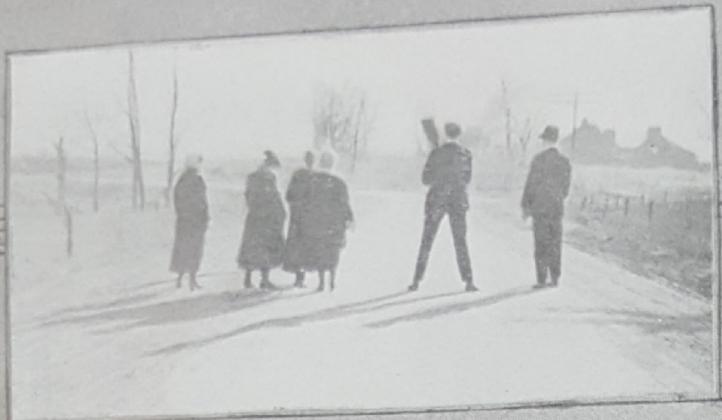
Northwestern University
Mathematics and Science

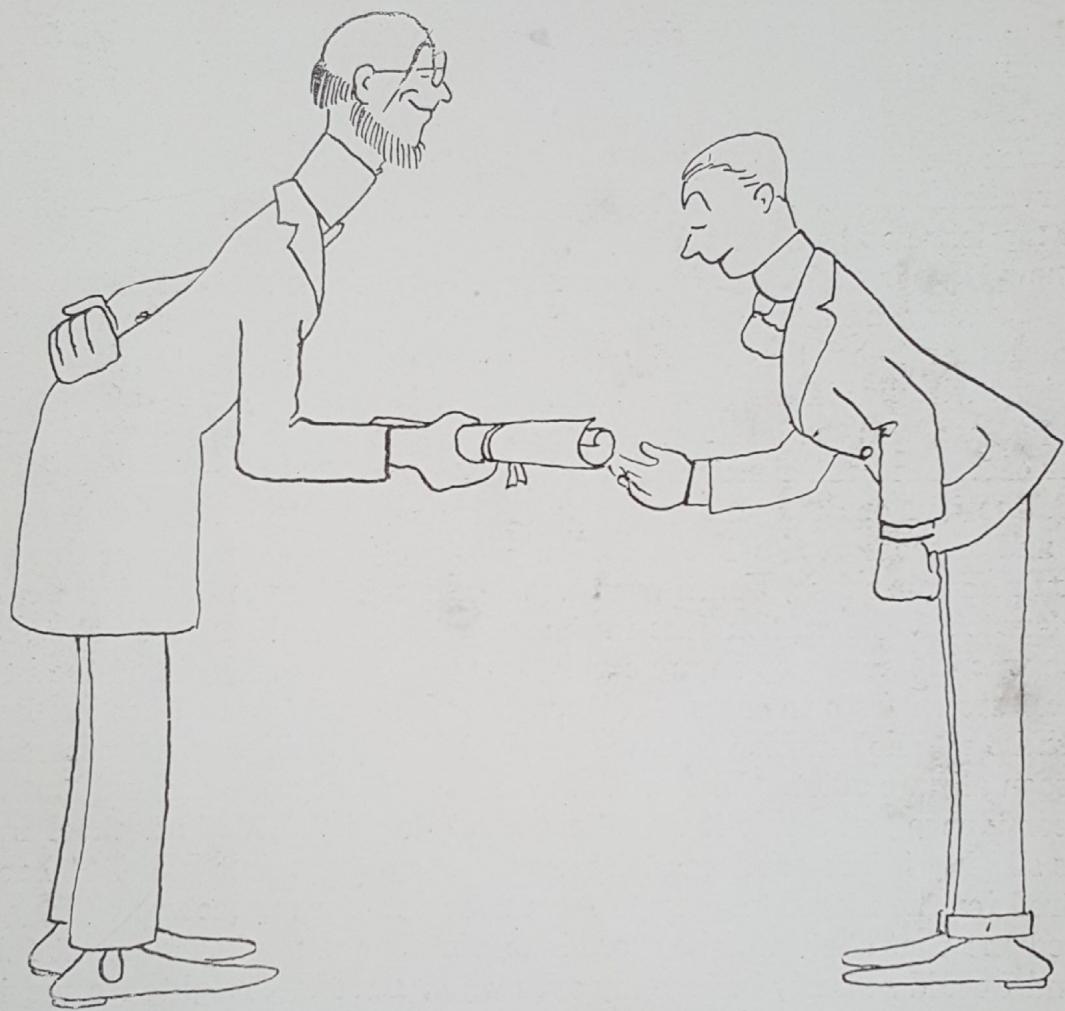


KATHREEN GROSVENOR, B. S.

Northwestern University
English and German







THE SENIORS

THE CLASS OF '18

WHAT was the future of the class of '18? I pondered this question for many weeks, and at last decided to visit a clairvoyant. He told me to write what I wished revealed on a piece of paper, which I did. He put the paper in an earthen pot, struck a match to it and in the flames which issued forth this is what was revealed to me:

I was working with Mr. Hoover, giving lectures in the large cities on the conservation of food. My first date was at San Francisco, California, and after my lecture who should rush up to me but my old classmate, Agnes Stewart, now Mrs. J. A. Walker, wife of a great and distinguished lawyer of that city. Scarcely did I recognize her, she was so changed. I went with her in her Stults Six to her beautiful bungalow on the edge of the city, and spent the night with her in her lovely home. She told me that Irma Huffman, our class poetess, was the leading Red Cross worker in San Francisco, so we went to her office the next morning. It is needless to say that Irma was surprised to see me and our tongues wagged swiftly as we talked of these strenuous days and of those good old school days. It was "Do you remember this and do you remember that," until Irma was forced to return to her urgent calls, and I reached the station just in time to catch the train to Salt Lake City, which was the next stop on my card. Our train was wrecked and the passengers thrown from the cars. All was confusion until a cool headed lady, and there was no question that she was a skilled physician, took possession and soon all was quiet. Viola with her smile and easy manner could always win confidence and surely it was Viola, the beloved "Hokie" of school days. I was slightly injured and was taken to the hospital at Salt Lake. There I inquired for the mayor to arrange for a later date for my lecture. They informed me that she would be there immediately and my heart almost failed me and I could scarcely believe my eyes when Lavona Creighton came into my room. Yes, it was "Bones," and after one glance at her commanding countenance I did not wonder that she was Mayor of Salt Lake City. But where was Maude? You have not heard? Only last month she was married to Lieutenant W. C. Trainer, and doubtless they are both in France. Maude was superintendent of Mercy Hospital here and will immediately go on duty in France.

Chicago was my next stop, and my pulse beat a little faster as I came so near to my home. I chanced to pick up a Chicago Tribune and glancing through the society items read: "Miss Mary Rhodes entertains at a military ball in honor of Mr. Edward Foster, returned aviator from France." Could this be our Mary and our Ed? A hasty visit to the city directory and a telephone call assured me that it was. Mary was living in Chicago with a wealthy aunt and doing splendid work in the slums of that city as a first assistant to

Jane Adams. Edward was wounded in France and forced to return to the U. S. A., but only after receiving a Croix de Guerre for his bravery.

I had a few days before my next lecture, so I went to Armstrong, my home town, for a visit. While there I learned that Minnie and Julia were with the Red Cross nurses in France. Julia had nursed Count Ferdinendo back to health, all but his heart, which was pierced forever. While Dame Rumor said that Minnie remains true to her "Sammie," the Harold of High School days, and when Uncle Sam is through with him, Minnie says that she is next. Edna was superintendent of Vassar College and a very successful business woman she has proved to be. Olive was also in France, her mission unknown.

While at Armstrong I received a telegram from Mr. Hoover, saying, "Come to New York immediately." All was excitement in New York, for the papers read: "Germans push on to the U. S. A." Even in the most strenuous times a little recreation is demanded so I stopped at the London Theater. Something strikingly familiar about the leading actress caught my eye, and I recognized Olive Randle. So this was her secret mission in France! Olive promised to be a second Mary Pickford and the pride of the class of '18.

As I was sitting at breakfast the next morning a newsboy rushed in calling, "Extra! Extra! Secret Service Irene Bass Bares German Plot to Destroy New York Harbor. Admiral Dewey Foster Rushes In With U. S. Fleet!" "Germany Crushed!" "Kaiser Whistles The Star Spangled Banner!"

Slowly the fire burned down and I was brought back to the present time, but what a glorious future for the class of '18.

FLORA FOSTER, '18.



FLORENCE FOSTER
"FLORA"

"An angel might have stopped
to see.
And blessed her for her purity."

EDNA FRANCES WERNIGK
"EDNA"

Secretary Senior Class
Play (1)
Glee Club (3)

"Love is the perpetual source
of fears and anxieties."

SAMUEL S. STEWART

"SAM"

"Ready of heart, and ready
of hand."



JULIA DORA DONALDSON

"JULIA"

Treasurer, Senior
Secretary, Junior
Play (3)
Glee Club (3) (4)

"Laugh and be fat, sir."



DEWEY FOSTER
"DEAK"

Business Manager, Annual
Basket-ball (1) (2) (3) (4)
Basket-ball Captain (3) (4)
Play (3)
President, Literary Society (4)

"An able man shows his spirit by
gentle words and resolute actions
he is neither hot nor timid."

IRMA JEAN HUFFMAN
"IRMA"

Class Poet

"Poets are all who love—
who feel great truths—
and tell them."

MINERVA FOSTER

"MIN"

Glee Club (3)

"As sharp as a frosty morning."

VIOLA MARY BARNETT

"HOKEY"

Art Editor Annual

Play (3)

Glee Club (3)

"Heart on her lips and soul within her eyes."





OLIVE ROWENA RANDLE
"PICKLES"

New Holland High School (1) (2)
Editor, Jokes and Calendar
Glee Club (3) (4)

"The beautiful are never desolate
but some one always loves them."

IRENE BASS
"BABY"

Editor of Annual
Literary President (2)
Play (3)
Glee Club (3)

"As happy as a flock of birds."

LAVONA OLIVE CREIGHTON
"BONES"

Literary Editor Annual
Literary President (4)
Glee Club (3) (4)
Play (3)

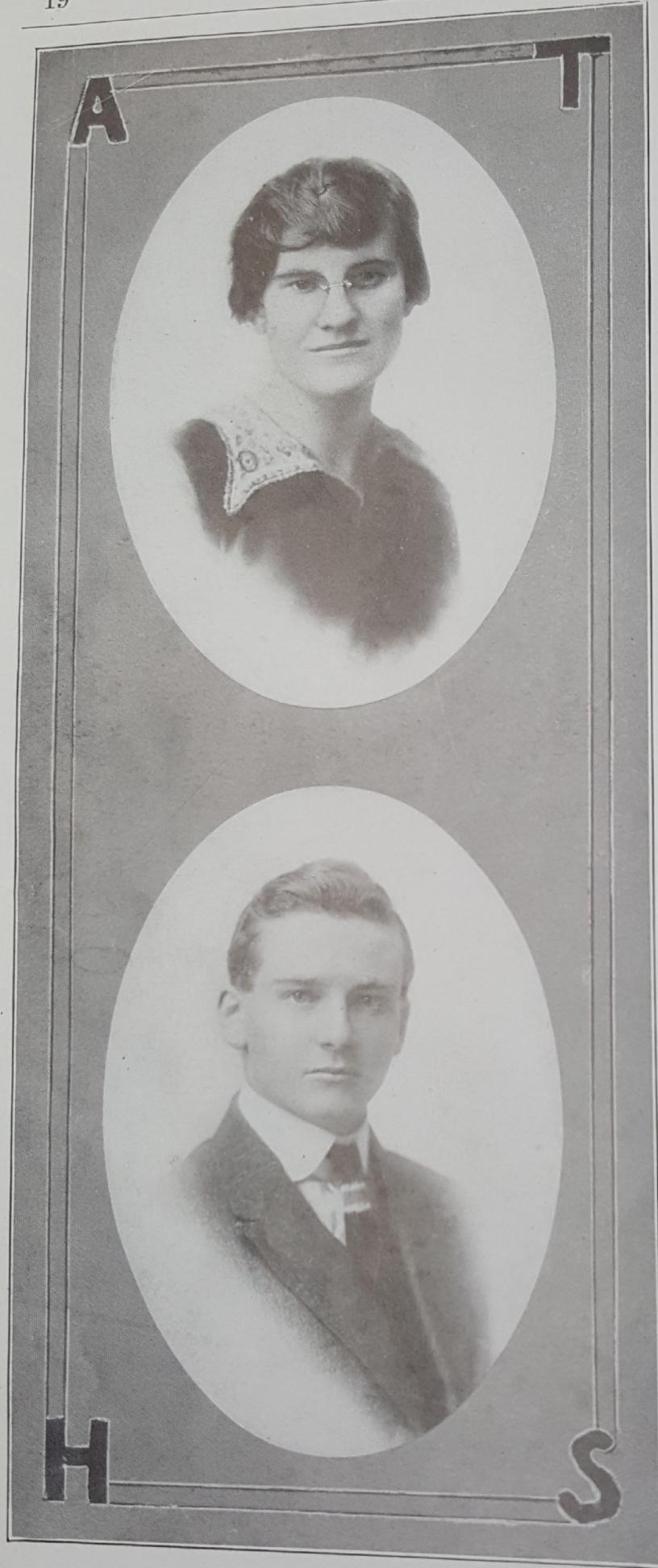
"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

MAUDE G. MCCLAIN
"MAUDE"

President Senior Class
Glee Club (3) (4)

"If she had two ideas in her head, they would fall out with each other."





N. AGNES STEWART
"AGNES"

Class Historian

"She has no care for meager things."

EDWARD M. FOSTER
"ED"

Athletic Editor Annual
Basket-ball (2) (3) (4)

"Good humor is the health of the
soul, sadness is its poison."

MARY LUELLA RHODES

"MARY"

"A smile that won't come off."



CLASS MOTTO:

"STICK"

CLASS FLOWER:

WHITE ROSE BUD

CLASS COLORS:

CHERRY RED AND WHITE

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY
"The Ascent of Knowledge Hill"

Chapter One

WE, a class of about twenty, started the ascent of Knowledge Hill on a beautiful morn in September. For want of a better building we started to high school in the I. O. O. F. hall. We being the largest class in school, and freshies naturally had most things our own way, as little tots usually do. Despite the fact that we had one of the best of guides, a portion of the party fell behind never to come up with us again. Rather late in the year we elected Don Tillotson as President, Joseph Miller as Secretary, and Julia Donaldson as Treasurer. The year passed quickly with no fatal results to the class or other members of the school. The majority of the class, despite the natural roughness of life, had been able to travel the first mile of the road.

Chapter Two

After a brief rest we resumed our journey along wisdom's way. We now saw our full importance and we were very quiet and unassuming. We were being quiet only to make better plans for the good times which were to come. The year passed with little excitement and much work done. We again had traversed a mile on wisdom's way.

Chapter Three

This was our year of years. We had had our first original idea and were the happiest bunch anywhere. People sang our praises far and wide. In order to maintain our high standing we met and elected Julia Donaldson as President, Irma Huffman as Secretary, and Joseph Miller as Treasurer. We were nicely entertained at the home of Edna Wernigk at a birthday party. Later in the year we made a beautiful effigy of the Seniors and burned the same at stake. We showed the Seniors how sorry we were that they were leaving by giving them a farewell party, known as the Junior-Senior banquet. The term of school ended all too soon, but we came out with flying colors.

Chapter Four

We are fourteen, as a few of our members have strayed or are stolen. One, we are proud to say, has gone to fight for his country. The last mile of the road is most rugged, yet the most joyous part of the road. The class met soon after school opened and elected the leaders, who are so necessary on a such a rugged pass. They were as follows: Maude McClain, Vice-President, Edna Wernigk Secretary, and Julia Donaldson Treasurer. Later Irma Huffman was chosen class poet, and Agnes Stewart, Historian. Despite the hard work, we shall always cherish happy memories of our old high-school days. Altho there have been some failures in the class in the past, we know that "All is Well That Ends Well."

AGNES STEWART, Historian.

THE RIVER**Class Poem**

Thru golden fields and pastures green
And dusky forests too,
A sparkling river flows along;
Sometimes most hid from view.

Sometimes the bank sloped gently down,
Sometimes 'twas steep and rough;
Bright fragrant flowers graced the plain,
But thorns grew on the bluff.

One day a group of children gay,
Within the river played—
A few had come the rugged way
But some came thru the glade.

They waded in that rushing stream;
Some braved the current strong,
And waded deep, and sometimes drew
A weaker one along.

But some paused where the wavelets fret
Their cradle; and rejoice
To gather empty mussel shells;
Or, with deep and gutteral voice

Mimic the lazy green-backed frog;
Or watch the minnows dart
Away to some secluded spot,
Started perhaps, in part,

By the old, big, blink-eyed turtle
Who, taking sudden fright
While basking on a sunlit rock,
Drops quickly out of sight.

Then answering to the urgent call
Of those who deeply see,
They toss the foam and lightly say
"Tis far enough for me."

They scorn the treasure of the deep,
The pleasure that it brings;
They care not for the buried wealth
Or songs the deep sea sings.

But who shall say on Life's broad stage
That they who waded deep
Or who loitered on the edge
Will life's best measure keep?

IRMA HUFFMAN '18

YOUNG FOLKS AT SCHOOL

Class Song

Tune: "Old Folks At Home."

Thru happy years we each have wandered,
 Sometimes alone,
Sometimes with chums or friends we've mingled
 Far, far away from home.
Deeply the dusky woods exploring
 Or near the streams,
Playing with glad hearts till September
 Calls us away from our dreams.

CHORUS

But the school room like a magnet
 Draws us back again,
When happy summer days are over
 And memories only remain.

Surely our memories travel backward
 To the old room,
Where first our youthful mind entangled
 Glimpses of days to come.
Days when at last our life had gained them
 Full of unrest,
Now toil and school the greater pleasure
 Then home and freedom the best.

Chorus

Time was when daily we assembled
 Down on Old Main,
Though small and old and poor the building
 Happy and busy again.
Some were who mid the glare of summer
 Toiled yet to learn,
Some sought in fields both gain and pleasure
 Then to the school room return.

Chorus

IRMA HUFFMAN '18

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the members of the Senior Class of the Armstrong Township High School, County of Vermilion, State of Illinois, being of sound mind and memory, and realizing the uncertainty of this frail and transitory life, do make, ordain, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament to be executed immediately after publication.

To the Senior Class of 1919 we bequeath the two rows of seats next to the radiators. We also leave to them our old Physics Laboratory with all its various apparatus—broken or otherwise injured.

To the future Junior Class we bequeath our extensive vocabularies as well as our old class flags, which they have always desired.

To the Sophomore Class we will our wisdom and stick-to-it-tive-ness.

To Professor Crosby, we leave, with our most sincere wishes, a large bottle of "Hair Tonic," guaranteed to make the hair grow, and also to serve as a hair straightener.

To Miss Brooks, the Senior girls leave all the jelly, made from Ben Davis apples, for her future benefit. The Senior boys bequeath to her their heartiest admiration.

To Miss Grosvenor, we bequeath a supply of collars for her brown and blue school dresses.

To Mr. Harper, we bequeath a pair of ear tabs to be worn during the cold winter months. We will also leave to him our beautiful drawings made in the Physics Laboratory.

The Senior girls, as a whole, bequeath to Golda Vliet and Laura Creighton, all their High School jewelry and hair pins—crooked, broken or otherwise not infirm.

To Jessie Chestnut, Flora Foster wills her rosy cheeks, and to Minnie Daniels, her wisdom.

Lavona Creighton wills her ability to expound witty sayings to anyone not supplied with the said article.

To Will Foster, Irene Bass wills her favorite by-word "Sam Hill" and her No. 10 shoes, provided they are not worn out by said time. She also wills her "hair paste," guaranteed to hold the hair down on the forehead when properly administered, to Kathryn Randle.

Olive Randle bequeaths her giggles to Julia Creighton and her love for pop-overs to John Roe.

To Flossie Strickland, Minnie Foster wills her beautiful handwriting.

Edward Foster leaves to Clara Creighton, his intellectual ability in Physics.

To the future Freshman Class, Dewey Foster wills his green ink and green neckties.

To Ruth Roe, Viola Barnett wills her humor and laughter.

Edna Wernigk wills her book on "Love and Courtship" to Pamela Donaldson.

Maude McClain wills to Wesley Juvinal, her dignified and serious look.

To Ica Stodgel, Irma Huffman wills her powder and powder rag. To Mr. Harper she wills her chestnut curls and her sweet little dimples.

Mary Rhodes bequeaths her silence and good nature to Roy Boain.

To anyone wishing them Agnes Stewart wills her bottle of rouge and her timid manner.

Julia Donaldson wills her "Gift of Gab" and her success in collecting class dues to Howard Campbell.

Witnessed, signed and sealed this sixteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and eighteen.

MAUDE MCCLAIN

MINNIE FOSTER

EDWARD FOSTER

SENIOR CHARACTER TABLE

NAME	FAVORITE PASTIME	AMBITION	FAVORITE SONG	FAVORITE MAXIM
MARY	Eating Peanuts	Ride in a Certain Maxwell Again	In the Sweet Long Ago	For Want of a Nail the Shoe was Lost
VIOLA	Visiting in the Basement	Be a Red Cross Nurse	School Days	Think of Saving as Well as Getting
LAVONA	Breaking Rules	Know What to Do, to Try to Please Everybody	Pretty Baby	The Cat in Gloves Catches no Mice
OLIVE	Studying Fashions	Win a "Crown" and be a Good "Cook"	Au Revoir, But Not Goodbye, Soldier Boy	Get All You Can and Can All You Get
IRENE	Making a Noise	To Make Her Feet Look Small, But What's the Use?	What's the Matter with Father	Be Ashamed to Catch Yourself Idle
EDWARD	Studying	Become Manager of Sears, Roebuck	Keep the Home Fires Burning	God Helps Them That Help Themselves
MINNIE	Gabbing	Dress Neatly	There's a Long, Long Trail a Winding	Still Water Runs Deep
EDNA	Planning for the Future	Be Independent	I love you truly	A Small Leak will Sink a Great Ship
DEWEY	Dreaming	Be a Fisher of Men and Land a Bass	Keep Your Eye on the Girlie You Love	Waste Not, Want Not
FLORA	Blushing	To See Jessen Once More	Somewhere a Voice is Calling	Lost Time is Never Found Again
MAUDE	Upsetting in Fords and Klondikes	To Always Have a Beau Handy	The Little Old Ford Rambled Right Along	Little Pitchers Have Big Ears (She is no Pitcher Then)
JULIA	Making Eyes	Become an Actress	Oh! Johnny, Oh! Johnny, How You Can Love	He That Riseth Late Must Trot All Day
IRMA	Powdering Her Nose	Have a Beau, if Only for Once	Home, Sweet Home	All is Not Gold That Glitters
AGNES	Combing Her Hair	Go Abroad and Marry a Duke	A Ring on the Finger is Worth Two on the Phone	Great Oaks from Little Acorns Grow

CLASS STATISTICS

I BEG of you not to misconceive the value of the Class of 1918. It is the pride of our school. It is also the most energetic, intelligent, brainest and largest which has ever graduated from old A. H. S. To show you that these facts are true I shall proceed as follows:

There are fifteen members in this class, three boys and twelve girls. The heights average from 5 ft. 3 in. to 5 ft. 9 in. The total heights if standing one above the other would be 80 ft. 51-7 in.

The smallest member weighs 104 lbs., the largest 157 lbs. 8 grams. The total weights are 1889.75 lbs. Each member is worth his weight in gold.

If the examination papers which the students have written were cut into strips $\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide they would reach $18\frac{1}{2}$ times around the world.

Among the members are two Buckeyes, one Hoosier and twelve Suckers. Besides the members of this year's graduating class, these states, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, have produced other great men, such as Lincoln, Grant and McKinley.

There are eleven blue eyes, eleven brown eyes, three grey eyes and seven green eyes among the members of our class.

The favorite studies of two members is Physics, of seven English, of four Domestic Science, of one Agriculture and of one Mathematics.

One member of our class has chosen as his future walk in life the ambitious vocation of Literary Interpreter; six more commonplace members have determined to stick to the old stand-by of teaching. One determines to be a lawyer, one a nurse. One decides to be an aviatrix as her future walk in life, and one inspires, not in vain we hope, to be a vocalist. Three are yet undecided.

EDNA WERNIGK

PERSONAL MENTION

On May 12, 1917, the class of '18 lost one of its most prominent members, Miss Inez Johnson. She was a favorite in her class and is greatly missed.

The Danville Press printed the following account: Armstrong, Ill., May 12. The marriage of Miss Inez E. Johnson, of Armstrong, and Russel E. Duncan, of Penfield, Ill., was celebrated at 1:30 o'clock Thursday afternoon at the parsonage of the Kimber M. E. church in Danville, by Rev. P. H. Chappellear. Mr. and Mrs. Duncan left immediately after the service for a honeymoon trip and on their return will make their home on the farm near Penfield.

On April 11, 1917, the class lost another of its members, Joseph Miller, who answered the call of the colors, and joined the army. Joe was a very lively lad, interested in all of the school activities, and especially those of his class. The class of '18 is very proud of him, and very sorry to lose him.



UNDER GRADUATES



THE JUNIORS

Upper Row, (Left to Right)—Ruth Roe, Ruth Meitzler, H. F Crosby, Class Advisor, Julia Creighton, Ruth Creighton.
Lower Row—Kenneth Hollett, Clara Creighton, Isa Stodgel, Marie Andrews.

LESLIE STULTS

CLASS FLOWER:

AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE

CLASS MOTTO:

IN PLURIBUS UNUM

CLASS COLORS

DARK BLUE AND GOLD

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1919

IN the year of 1915, seventeen pupils from several different schools started their first year of high school at the Armstrong High School. The building was an old frame house located in the central part of town. At that time we were freshmen, but promising pupils, with three teachers, Mr. D. O. Gettinger, Miss Z. Weimar and Mr. H. J. Jessen, who labored diligently and who as kindly assisted us in our school activities and pleasures. The first few days were almost like a picnic but finally the five and ten minute tests, which were given in English and Algebra classes, and monotonous German verbs and translations soon became beautifully fitted into our every day schedules. However, if we had to buy the paper now that it took to write them on, we could never buy any chewing gum.

Something was going to happen about the second week in January. Since we were freshmen we could not exactly understand the term, but we suspected that it might be anything from a thunder storm to a cyclone, but our faculty was preparing long lists of questions and the higher classes bought more paper and pencils so we did likewise. We were minus only a pencil and fifty cents worth of paper and our thousand grains of knowledge when we came from the class rooms.

With slight alternations of subjects for study and few changes in laws and regulations we continued the remainder of the year and took the second semester's examination with greater ease than the first. Still there was one subject which all of us did not agree upon and that was whether a man is a descendent of a monkey or monkey a descendent of man.

In the second year our class numbered only ten owing to the fact that some had stopped for reasons varying from a change in habitat to a desire to join the army. One of our members, John Falconer, donned the Khaki. Great results were expected this year on account of the new building that had been erected, but we have learned that all pleasures are not found in palaces and jewels in stones. Still the year rolled by the same as usual and we were ready for our vacation.

During the summer vacation one of the members of the class, Leslie Stults, passed away. He will be long remembered among us for his bright, genial spirit and keen intellect.

In this our third year we have a membership composed of both boys and girls. To be sure "Teddy" Hollett is our only boy, but he is a host in himself, as he supplies the one thing that our class has lacked so far, the ability to caricature the Seniors in a way which would make even the editor of the "Tiny Tribune" sit up and take notice. The rest of the class is comprised of mere girls: Ruth Meitzler, Ruth Creighton, Clara Creighton, Ica Stodgel, Ruth Roe, Julia Creighton and Marie Andrews. This year we are learning that the faculty may influence, that the pupils may obey but that the goal towards which we are striving is the power and welfare of the entire school and that our class has done its best only as it has worked with fulfillment of this idea in mind.

MARIE ANDREWS, '18



THE SOPHOMORES

First Row, (Left to Right)—Edith Morris, Isa Boher, John Roe, Dora Foster, Flossie Strickland, Frank Barnett, Kathryn Randle, Andrew Vliet, Mary McAdams, Roy Boycan, Mildred Carter, Pamela Donaldson.

Second Row, (Left to Right)—Miss E. Brooks, Class Advisor, Golda Vliet, William Foster, Jessie Chestnut, Laura Crays.

CLASS MOTTO: "B2"

CLASS COLORS: LIGHT BLUE AND WHITE

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

THE Sophomore Class of '17 and '18 began their real school life when they entered the Armstrong High School in '16. It was composed of town and country scholars. Their little hearts quivered at the big teachers (as it seemed) and the long lessons, so unlike the grades. But this was soon overcome and the notes began to fly between the aisles of the assembly room, while the library became a play house instead of a reading room. But the Freshmen, getting careless, were found out and all was stopped. So at last real work began and the grades were very much improved.

About the middle of January, they organized. The greatest colors, red, white and blue, were adopted and the Freshies were almost as great. Several times plans were made for entertainment, but always something prevented it and thus vacation came. They were parted for a period of three months.

In September '17 they again assembled now as Sophomores and a wiser bunch. There were a few additions to the class and some were left behind with whom the parting was very sad. New officers were elected and then a flag was made of the new colors: blue and white. This flag was the greatest ever produced at the A. H. S. because it stayed up *three whole days*. At last, after school hours it was taken down by a bunch of Freshmen and Juniors.

Soon Hallowe'en approached and the Sophomores, wishing for fun, invited the school to a party. For the refreshments Sophomore dope which consisted of cider (soft) and doughnuts, was served. A very good time was enjoyed by all.

Hoping to become Juniors next year, this closes the jolly Sophomore's History for '17.



THE FRESHMEN

First Row (Left to Right)—Walter Brown, Neva Fortner, Abram Hendry, Minnie Daniels, Wesley Juvinal, Irene Smith, Hosca Tillotson, Mildred Wright, Claude Ashcraft, Clark Fortner.

Second Row—Rueben Ambler, Howard Campbell, Laura Creighton, Augusta Wernigk, Pearl Buzzard.

CLASS COLORS: RED, WHITE AND BLUE

FRESHMEN CLASS HISTORY

THE Freshmen Class of 1921 assembled for the first time at the Armstrong High School Building on September the tenth of 1917. The class represented the schools of several cities, of Collison, of Armstrong, of Danville and of Sullivan, Illinois.

The class consisted of eleven boys and six girls, but before the first snow fell, two of its members were lost, on account of their being needed at home. It has worked so far under the following officers: President, Laura Creighton; Vice-President, Howard Campbell; Treasurer, Augusta Wernigk; Prosecutor, Rueben Ambler; Secretary, Pearl Buzzard.

When we members of the class entered the school, we, like all other Freshmen the world over, were of the opinion that we were set out by some peculiar power to astonish the world, but, alas, for our expectations! After one week's trial in the furnace of knowledge we came out with our plumes stripped from us, but dressed in a modest suit of green, which we wore with dejected and meek countenances for some time after.

We, however, did not give up trying, and soon some wonderful results emerged. We saw the fine material we had to work with and we determined to make the most of it. We made use of all the spare time we had, and finally found to our unspeakable joy that our green robes were slowly but surely turning to a beautiful snowy white.

The history of a baby one year old does not amount to much, neither does the history of a class one year old. We who are interested in the progress of the class of 1921 are looking forward eagerly for the history to be made, and we are sure that all will come out with flying colors. We feel certain that Hosea Tillotson will some day be President of some University, and that Howard Campbell will be as good a doctor as his father.

Such, with the exceptions of a few breakdowns of our jitney-buss, is the history of our class. Our history is in making, the members of the class are wide-awake, and since our talent varies widely, when we do emerge from the darkness and semi-seclusion of the Freshmen state, we will show what a class can do.

MINNIE DANIELS '21.

*Dipper, dapper, dipper, dapper, dipper, dapper, dee!
Are we wise, well I guess
We're the Freshies of the A. H. S.*

A. H. S. CHICKEN FRY

The melancholy days had come,
A glorious moon hung high,
The students of the village H. S.
Went off on a chicken fry.

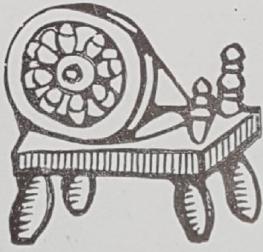
The fire was burning merrily,
The chicken popped and fried,
The youngsters in hilarious mood
Their jolliest game now tried.

Then came a burst of thunder sound;
The kids, O! where were they?
Some ran for home like frightened sheep,
Some sheltered on the way.

The rain came down in torrents from
The heavy clouds on high,
Oh! what a sad, sad ending 'twas
To the High School Chicken fry.

I. J. H.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES



THE A. H. S. LITERARY SOCIETY

THE organization known as the "Armstrong High School Literary Society", came into existence during the same year that the High School made its appearance in the township. It was organized under the direction of the principal of the school, and a constitution and by-laws were adopted, which were to remain the standard during the life of the society, and subject to change only by a two-thirds amendment by the members. The society consisted of twenty-seven members during the first year of school. Only pupils of the High School are eligible to membership. A suitable motto was adopted which each member was required to commit to memory:

*"If you have a work to do, begin it,
Action has genius, power and magic in it."*

The first semi-monthly program was rendered on January 8, 1915. It has been the aim of the society to give a program, free to the public, on every alternate Friday afternoon.

The society has been one of the live wires of the school and its purpose is to promote literary effort, public speaking and musical ability and other activities not developed in the class room work. Much has been accomplished along musical lines, also readings, debates and short comical plays have taken an important place in the programs. The lives of most our great American poets have been rehearsed as well as those of English authors. Up to the present time there have been forty-six regular meetings of the society, and the membership has increased to sixty members. Much interest is manifested by each pupil in promoting the welfare of the society.

EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING

An old appearing farmer sauntered into the kitchen of his home, planted himself before the door and said in a discouraged tone to his wife: "Ma, I don't see how we're a-goin' t' make things hitch on this here ol' farm this year. Jus' kum over here an' see what thin's look like t' you. That there ol' walk there ain't no count no more. There's a great big hole I jus' busted in it. An' there's half th' pigs I got a-rootin' th' orchard upside down. Our pasture ain't a-goin' t' feed them sheep we got this spring mor'n two weeks. It don't look like it anyway. The gates are all a-goin' t' rack an' th' corn all a-goin' to grub worms. But that don't make much diff. Ol' Kate nearly cut a leg off in the wire yesterday an' I ain't got nuthin' t' plow the stuff with anyhow. She's the only one I can drive with them crazy colts on th' gang."

He stood in the doorway several seconds with his forehead wrinkled into a group of angry wrinkles. Then slowly he turned and started toward his wife. He put both arms around her shoulders and smiling into her troubled face said: "But shoot, Nan, I can see two sides t' this thin'. Mabe ol' Kate 'll git well real quick an' I'll jus' tear them weeds an' grub worms out a' th' corn a-hikin'. Anyhow I'll be jus' as good off as th' neighbors. An' for them pigs an' other thin's what don' look right, I'll clean them up right away quick."

Good lan' wonder what them kids of Owin's a-fussin' 'bout now. But we don't keer, do we ma? We'll let 'em fight it out an' we'll go ahead, doin' our end of th' work an' leavin' th' rest t' th' one what's supposed t' look after 'em, won' we ma?"

K. K., '19

A. H. S. BOARD

There's A. S. Bass, the President,
Of knowledge full but reticent.
Fond of joke in a quiet way,
But business first he'll always say.
When assistance people seek
You'll see them heading straight for "Deak."

G. C. Howard, one of the chaps,
A little blustery perhaps,
Of a big heart full of interest
For school children he is possessed.
Polite in manner, neat in dress
And wise the "Parson," we confess.

There's A. G. Maury I'll be boun'
Wearing his famous coal black frown.
A business man of broadest mind;
Plain and practical inclined
School affairs interest him much,
And many are the friends of "Dutch."

J. A. Dewey a genial man
Schooled upon the broadest plan.
A farmer, he, that's up-to-date
Always interested in the fate
Of schools. And many men find "Jim"
A trusty friend and stick to him.

And J. S. Kuykendall is seen,
As always, kindly and serene;
A careful man who surely swaps
Brain and brawn for bounteous crops;
Many are who pleasures take
And pride, in being friends of "Jake."

W. S. Smith can well afford
To be called the "Beauty of the Board."
Jolly, witty, full of ease,
Life will surely never cease
To be attractive and complete,
For "Bill's" got heaps of friends to greet."

Last R. F. Creighton we record
The latest member of the Board;
With jovial wit and kindly grace
A man just suited to the place;
An energetic farmer he,
"Frank" is popular as can be.

IRMA HUFFMAN, '18

"HER BOY"

MRS. PEMBERLY sank back upon the cushions of the automobile with a moan of pain, as a group of handsome soldier boys passed on the street by which her car was standing.

With her eyes following their every movement, she murmured, "My boy would have been about that age if he had lived," and her thoughts leaped back until they fastened themselves on the time when she had lost her boy, a curly headed little child of five years.

It was a summer day, the sun was shining down brightly, too bright in fact, for back in the west a small cloud had begun rapidly to grow in size.

At last Mrs. Pemberly glanced up from sewing, as a peal of thunder smote her ears, and noticing that a storm was approaching, she began to look around for Eugene. At last she saw him standing down by the gate, his entire attention centered upon a gypsy wagon, which was coming down the road toward him.

"Come here, Eugene," called Mrs. Pemberly.

"I don't want to," answered Eugene, "I want to watch those funny people."

"But you must. Don't you see there is a storm approaching?"

"No."

"Come now," and taking him by the hand she led him into the house.

Running up stairs Eugene stationed himself at a window, from which he could have a good view of the road below.

Thinking he was safe in his playroom upstairs; and knowing he was not afraid of storms, Mrs. Pemberly thought no more about him, while the wind gave vent to its anger in hissing sounds, and the storm exhausted itself.

At supper time Mrs. Pemberly called Eugene, but no answer. Thinking he had fallen asleep, she ran up stairs to see, but after a hurried survey through the different rooms, she became frightened and calling her husband, they searched the entire premises but without any success. Within a short time people were searching the country for miles around, but Eugene could not be found. It was just as if the earth had swallowed him, leaving no trace of the deed.

Years have passed and now we see Mrs. Pemberly as we first met her, her eyes still following the group of soldier boys.

From a bright, handsome woman she had changed to an old gray-headed woman, with a tired, discouraged look, as if life were a burden.

She looks up, as Mr. Pemberly asks, "Are you ready to go home?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Are you too tired to come to the banquet to be given this evening in honor of the soldier boys passing through the town on their way back to camp?"

"No, I would like to come. My heart goes out to every soldier boy. Oh! that I was one of their mothers. How proud I would be," and the tears filled her eyes at the thought.

Mr. Pemberly wisely refrained from answering and the matter was dropped for the time being.

The lights of the town hall were shining cheerfully, casting a bright screen across the walks.

A great crowd had already assembled within the walls of the old hall, each one determined to give the soldiers as good a time as possible.

The music had just started when the Pemberlys' came in. One by one the soldier boys were introduced to them. At last one of them exclaimed, "Where is Gene? Go and bring him here," and turning to the Pemberlys' he said in an explanatory tone, "Gene never seems to care for any sort of entertainment, he says it reminds him too forcibly of the fact that he has no mother or father to care about his welfare or to be proud of him if he wins any glories. Here he comes now. "Gene, meet Mr. and Mrs. Pemberly, Mr. and Mrs. Pemberly, meet a very dear friend of mine, Mr. Thornton."

A hot wave of color swept over Mrs. Pemberly's face and a faintness almost overcome her, as she looked up and met the frank blue eyes of the soldier boy just presented to her.

"Are you still faint?" he asked, bending over her anxiously.

"No, I am alright now. Sit down here and talk to me awhile, unless your presence is desired too much elsewhere." she said with a winning smile, and striving to gain her self possession.

"I know a very few people here and, at any rate, I would spare all my time to you, for you remind me of mother," and the habitual look of silence settled over his face.

"Tell me about your mother," she requested, stealing a side glance at his face.

"There isn't much to tell, I don't remember her except it seems as if years ago I could remember a kind, beautiful face, and soft white hands, and then comes a blank;" and as he finished speaking he pushed his hand wearily through the damp curls clinging to his forehead, thus revealing a peculiar little scar, which at other times was hidden beneath the dark curls.

"That scar, that scar," Mrs. Pemberly gasped as she leaned forward in her excitement.

"It is nothing," he replied, "It has been there ever since I can remember."

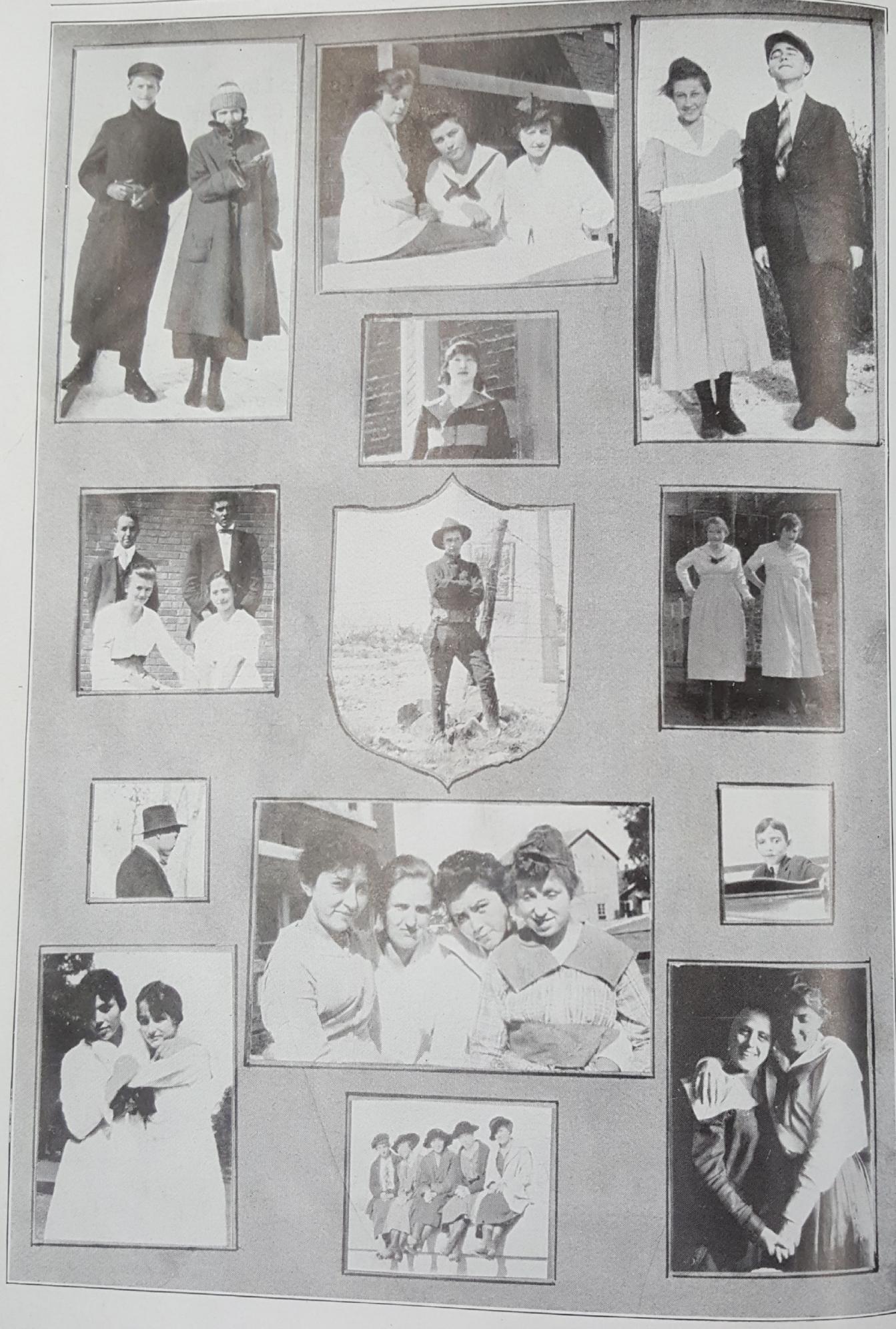
"Who are your folks? Have you any relatives," she asked without heed-
ing his remarks.

"I haven't any folks. When I was a child, I seemed to have some way obtained a place with a tribe of gypsies, and not knowing who or where my home was, they kept me. After crying for my parents in vain, I at last fell ill with a fever, and was left at a hospital in Dover when the gypsies came through that town. All that I could remember of my name, after I became conscious once more, was Gene; and not having any children of their own, the doctor and his wife kept me, giving me their name of Thornton, and by them I was reared, and cared for, yet something is lacking in my life, which can never be filled until I see my mother. That was sixteen years ago. This is my story according to the doctor and the story told him by the gypsies. They said that the town they had passed through just before they discovered me was Princeton."

"My boy, my boy," Mrs. Pemberly moaned as she drew him toward her. Answering the astonished look in his eyes, she said, "I lost my boy sixteen years ago. A band of gypsies went past just before the storm, after which no trace of you could be found. My heart went out to you when I first heard your name Gene, and more than ever when I caught a glimpse of you; but that scar was so familiar, I remember well the day you fell and cut your head, which left the scar. And then I knew without a doubt when I heard your story. But here comes your father now. The blow was terrible for him also, but he has borne up for my sake."

Father and son were made known to each other; a family was reunited, and for one soldier boy at least, that night the banquet was a perfect and happy success.

JESSIE E. CHESTNUT, '20



OUR PROF.

In Greenville town, on many a day,
 A dark haired youngster paused in play,
 And climbed upon a fence;
 Just for this small lad's wandering eye,
 To see a railroad train pass by,
 Was ample recompense.

He knew the wild waves lashed the shore,
 And added to the sand dunes' store,
 Not many miles away.
 He knew the cities' noise and smoke
 The pleasant prairies stillness broke;
 Oh, there he longed to stray.

For old wives took him on their knee,
 And told him tales of land and sea,
 And fed him ginger bread.
 The school girls smiled with all their might,
 The school boys hailed with delight
 For "Spider" always led.

At last the time came when he strayed,
 He paused a while where laws are made
 Then traveled to the lake.
 He tracked the road louse to its lair
 And found Detroit a city fair,
 And there his home did make.

At Wisdom's shrine he bent the knee,
 Accepting then a plan where he
 Worked for the government.
 Upon West India's fruitful isles
 He gathered soil while beaming smiles
 'Pon India's maids were spent.

To the countries of the continent
 Of South America, he went
 In search of treasure there.
 The prairies rich and varied earth
 The hills of vegetation dearth
 He favored each with care.

Across the Mediterranean blue
 Explored Asia Minor, too,
 And other foreign parts.
 Where e'er he went on land or sea,
 He left behind with reckless glee
 A trail of broken hearts.

And then concluded he would try
 To learn something at U. of I.
 That he could barter off
 For revenue, he does confess.
 Then got a job in A. H. S.
 Thus he became our Prof.

IRMA HUFFMAN, '18

THE ALUMNI OF ARMSTRONG HIGH SCHOOL

Everone is interested in the former graduates of the Armstrong High School, where they are, and what they are doing at the present time. Below is a list of them:

THE CLASS OF 1916

MARIE RADERMACHER

At home.

LESTER BURD

Engaged in farming near Armstrong.

FRED BASS

Attending the Uhiversity of Illinois.

THE CLASS OF 1917

RACHEL COLLISON

Teacher of third and fourth grades at Armstrong.

HAZEL BARNETT

Teaching school near Ellis, Illinois.

HAROLD MEITZLER

Teaching school near Muncie, Illinois.

DON TILLOTSON

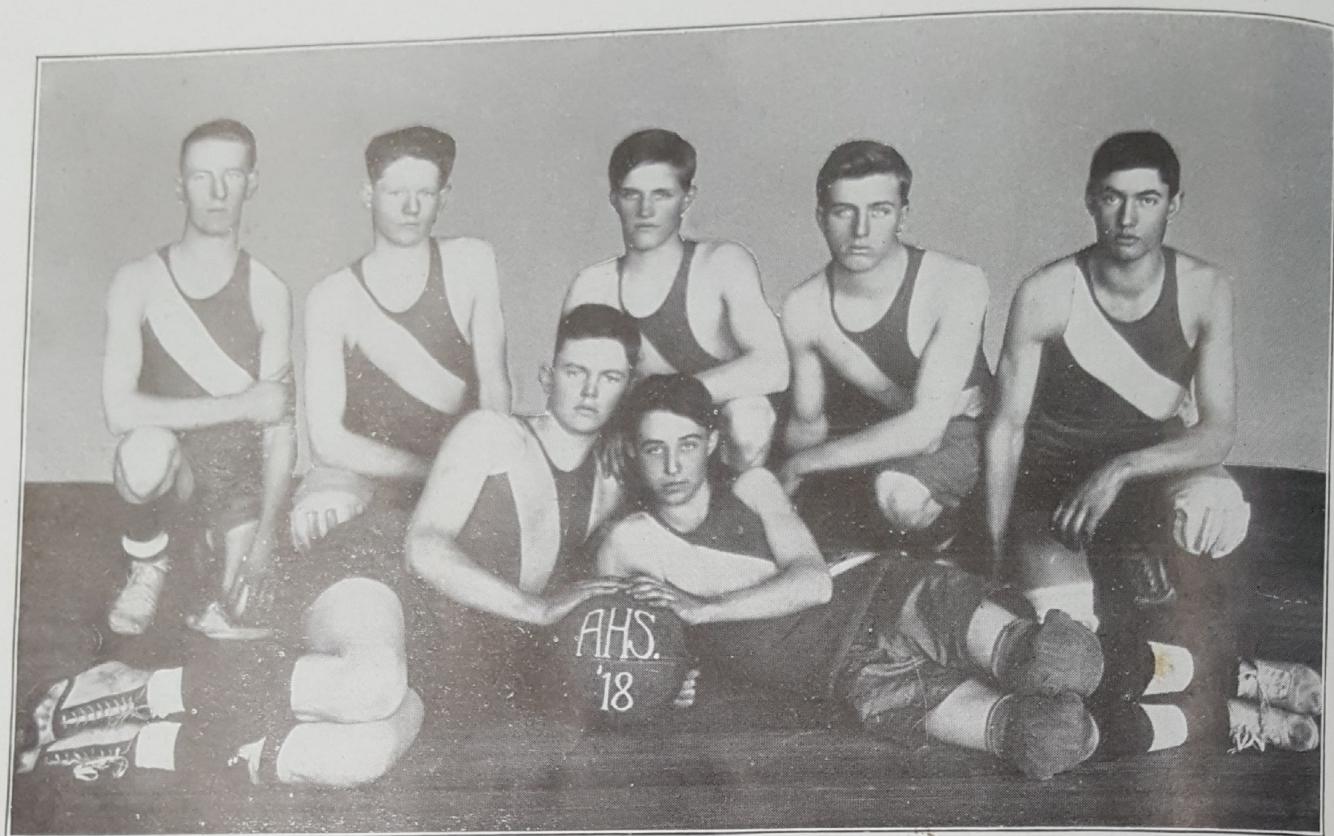
Married in the fall of 1917. Engaged in farming at his home.

FLORA FOSTER, '18

A FABLE

THE mighty S-M-I-T-H was giving a feast in honor of his daughter, who had a C-R-A-Y-S for such things; for although he was her F-O-S-T-E-R parent, he loved her as though she were his own. There were two suitors for her hand and both were here at the feast. One was a F-R-A-N-K, handsome lad, though poor, and the one she really loved. The other was extremely wealthy, but very ugly, and looked like a T-E-D-D-Y-bear. The guests waxed M-A-R-Y, and the goose hung high. Suddenly the D-O-R-(A) was flung open and in rushed the C-O-O-K. He hurried to the S-M-I-T-H, who was sitting in his M-O-R-R-I-S chair and said, "The meats have all been stolen and we have only a bottle of O-L-I-V-E-S left. There was a small B-A-S-S in the skillet, but H-A-L-L-E-T-T- that. "I-S-Y- what to do," the S-M-I-T-H cried, "We must have meat W-R-I-G-H-T away. Who first procures it may have my daughter's hand in marriage. The two suitors immediately left the table. They spied a C-A-M-P-B-E-L-L standing under a C-H-E-S-T-N-U-T tree and both ran for it. The T-E-D-D-Y-bear fellow tripped the other, sprang on the C-A-M-P-B-E-L-L soon disappearing in a C-L-A-U-D-E of dust, over the R-I-D-G-E toward Danville.

The nice young man walked over the R-I-D-G-E, looked west and saw something that filled his heart with joy. A farmer, who had just finished C-R-E-I-G-H-T-O-N his last kill of beef, was about to R-O-E it across the river. With a cry of joy, the young knight B-O-O-H-E-R down upon the farmer, grabbing the last box, threw him a \$100 W-I-L-L-I-A-M and hastened back to the feast, because he could B-R-O-O-K no delay. The guests all ran to see what he had found. The triumphant lover held out his arms to the girl A-N-D-R-E-W her to him just as the other suitor R-H-O-D-E-(S) over the R-I-D-G-E on his tired out C-A-M-P-B-E-L-L. The happy couple went to live in a little brown house with a M-O-R-R-I-S chair in it, and one plate, but tho' there W-E-R-N-I-G-K-S in it, who cared?



THE BASKET-BALL TEAM

ATHLETICS

OWING to the lack of material our basket-ball team went through the '17-'18 season under a serious handicap, the team having lost two of its best men by graduation the previous year, but on the whole performed creditably. The season opened with a victory over the Ellis team on their home floor and continued through a series of defeats and victories until the end of the season found us with a record of thirteen games played, in eight of which we were victorious.

Considerable interest in the team and its work was shown by the large attendance at the games on our home floor, where some exciting contests took place, the crowd applauding good team work as well as brilliant plays on either side.

The total receipts from the games at home amounted to one hundred dollars, which enabled the team to pay its own way wherever it went and left enough besides to pay for complete outfits for the entire team.

One of the closest and most interesting games ever seen on the home floor was played during the Christmas holidays between the school team and a team composed of former graduates of the school. Our boys were outweighed but not outplayed as they won by a score of 29 to 28, a free throw

the last few minutes of the game, giving our school team the victory.

Another interesting game was played with East Lynn, one of the best teams in the country, and our boys gave them a beating, about the only one they received throughout the season.

Our basket-ball season closed with the game which we lost with Oakwood at the County Tournament, held at Danville, March 9, 1918. Our boys were confused over the similarity of sweaters worn by the members of the opposing team and made several misplays on that account. At the end of the first half a change was made, substituting white shirts for the "purple and white" but the change was made too late to be of assistance in decreasing the lead gained by the Oakwood boys, so our boys lost as gracefully as possible, the game ending in favor of Oakwood with a score of 49 to 14.

Below is a list of the games played this season with the scores of each game given.

Armstrong	11	Ellis	5
Armstrong	9	Armstrong	18
Armstrong	11	Henning	30
Armstrong	48	Rankin	11
Armstrong	89	Armstrong	6
Armstrong	8	Fisher	32
Armstrong	43	Armstrong	35
Armstrong	29	Armstrong	28
Armstrong	20	Potomac	7
Armstrong	42	Armstrong	11
Armstrong	39	East Lynn	66
Armstrong	43	Armstrong	9
Armstrong	14	Danville	49
Total, - 408		Opponent's Total, 307	

We lose two valuable players this year by graduation, Dewey and Edward Foster, but out of the material left to us a team equally as good if not better should be developed for the coming year.

We have one of the best basket-ball floors in the country and since Armstrong is now on the map so far as basket-ball is concerned we will doubtless be heard from in the future.

The H. S. girls organized a squad late in the year and played two games with Henning, both of which our girls won easily, with the score of 8 to 0 in each case. Given more practice and experience they will surely be heard from.

Another phase of athletics still in its embryo stage is that of tennis, but since a court has been laid out there are possibilities of developing championship material.



(Left to Right)—Maude McClain, Lavona Creighton, Olive Randle, Laura Crays, Clara Creighton, Kathryn Randle, Julia Creighton, Neva Fortner, Pamela Donaldson, Julia Donaldson.

THE GIRLS CHORUS

OUR school has always had a girls chorus; however, the present semi-chorus has been organized only two years. In that time considerable progress has been made; the personal membership has been limited to ten or twelve members, being supplied mostly from the Senior and Junior classes.

In the graduation of the class of '18 we will lose several of our best singers, especially those supplying the high soprano, Maude McClain and Lavona Creighton. The parts which Julia Donaldson and Olive Randle sang will also be hard to fill. However, we trust that incoming classes will have great musical talent and that the semi-chorus will become a settled institution in our High School.

The chorus has filled a need in a community where little musical instruction is given. It has sung for the especial events of the High School and of the town, and has faithfully "performed" at all of the High School Literary programs.

It is only an infant chorus now, but we hope to see it some day occupying a sure and prominent place in the life of Armstrong.



THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE LABORATORY

THE cooking or domestic science began in the fall of 1917 under the leadership of Miss Brooks. The aim of this year's work has been to instruct in the proper manipulation and principles of ordinary food materials, rather than to teach the preparation of unusual dishes.

The work has proved interesting because we are all interested in the how and why of things. Some of us do common-place things every day, giving them very little thought, not knowing that the least of them has its own fundamental principle. If a girl knows why she puts baking powder in the biscuits and the chemical action which takes place; or why paper or wood are used to kindle a fire in a coal range; or how to cook different cuts of meat properly, much of the drudgery and monotony of every day life can be done away with. To know some of these simple little things makes cooking a pleasure and not something to be dreaded three times daily, and especially when "company arrives unexpectedly."

The work has been more important this year than any other time because we have been called upon by our country to conserve, and it is only by knowing food principles that we are able to conserve intelligently. Especial

attention has been paid to this phase of the work in the class room and laboratory by reading and testing out the receipts gathered from various sources, also by substituting in the laboratory work for foods which we have been asked to save, and by careful study of the present food situation.

The work began this year with the simple foods and preparations advancing to more complex and complicated ones, always keeping in mind the availability of the foods as they came in their seasons.

Following is a brief outline of the head topics of the year's work: kitchen plans, fuels and their combustion, water, fruits, vegetables, cereals, sugar, milk, cheese, eggs, meat, gelatine, legumes and nuts, fat, combination of food materials, such as batters and doughs, salads, planning of meals, selection and buying of food materials, and preparation and service of meals.

This is simply a bare outline as all this has been enlarged upon in the class room and laboratory work. The outline of the work is that recommended by the University of Illinois, and we have received credit upon the work from that institution.





THE AGRICULTURE LABORATORY



THE PHYSICS LABORATORY

A. H. S. CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

- 10 School opens. Influx of Freshmen as usual. "That Collison bunch!"
- 11 Somebody discovers Teddy's drawings and somebody discovers Teddy.
- 12 Getting acquainted with everybody.
- 13 Some have succeeded beautifully in getting acquainted.
- 14 Miss Brooks' cooking class wash their first dishes. Sophomore meeting.
- 15 Chicken fry in the woods; we meet our new mathematics teacher.
- 17 Sophomores fly their pennant Heavenward to the breeze and Freshmen pout.
- 18 Hose and Mr. Crosby have trouble over which is North and which is South.
- 19 Directions not settled yet. Library growing in popularity.
- 20 Library moved to Assembly room. A sudden decline in popularity.
- 21 Encyclopedia much used by Physics class. Irene gets her hair wet and Prof. Crosby loses his pill-box.
- 24 A new rule made—Athletic stunts such as falling up and down stairs absolutely prohibited.
- 25 Mr. Crosby says, "Nature abhors a vacuum."
- 26 Hokie and Maude start their new book entitled; "Married Life."
- 27 Collison rides in a jitney-bus. Daddy Ridge locks Irene and Mr. Harper in and they escape by the basement.
- 28 Basket-ball game with Ellis.

OCTOBER

- 1 Professor Crosby treats the Domestic Science girls with one (1) piece of candy.
- 3 Change of seats in the Assembly room, especially in the Freshman row.
- 7 Mr. Harper and Rachel ride out Mr. Harper's ten merry-go-round tickets.
- 8 H. S. Carnival a success.
- 10 Irene condescends to return to school after a ten days sojourn in the banking business.
- 11 Domestic Science jelly turns to brick candy. Minnie F. makes taffy.
- 12 Literary and Roaster. First snow. Basket-ball boys play Henning.

- 16 Dewey wears a tooth-pick to class.
- 18 Farmers Institute.
Mr. Harper takes Miss Grosvenor home with a lantern.
- 21 Mr. Harper eats Domestic Science pears.
- 22 Senior girls seem to have forgotten that they were taking Domestic Science, so Miss Brooks thinks.
- 23 Laura Creighton runs over a child in her haste (?) to get to school. Oh well, Laura always was pretty swift.
- 24 Sophomores have something up their sleeve. They had six meetings this week.
- 25 Who said apple sauce? Game with Rankin postponed on account of rain
- 28 More rain.
- 29 Still raining and exams, which is another thing that we have had too much of.
- 31 Domestic Science girls make marmalade with not even the rinds left for Mr. Harper.

NOVEMBER

- 1 Laura Creighton invents a new way to dress her hair.
- 2 Basket-ball with Fisher.
- 3 At last. Sophomores give Hallowe'en party to school. Mr. Harper tries to impersonate Dinah, de colored lady, and takes home a gallon of cider.
- 5 A jitney does have a "blow-out" now and then. Sophomores sell remainder of doughnuts and cider.
- 6 Mr. Harper decides to let the Physics class do their own teaching.
- 7 The advertisement committee take a trip to Danville.
- 9 Basket-ball game with Rankin.
- 12 Did somebody say ginger-snaps?
- 15 School receives a flag from Chancey Crays as a gift.
- 16 Literary Society. Basket-ball game with Rankin.
- 19 Miss Brooks' crackers disappear mysteriously.
- 20 Hokie falls down stairs. Dear me Hokie! Piano gets locked and unlocked.
- 21 More school than some reckoned for.
- 27 Bill Foster does his best to spread the news of his "engagement." The lady is unknown.
- 30 Seniors get their pictures taken.

DECEMBER

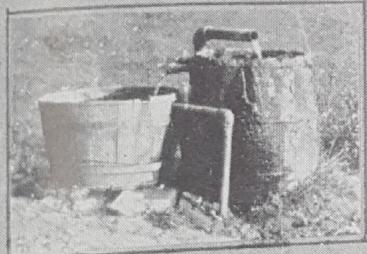
- 4 Piano is returned to Assembly room.
- 6 Another ticket campaign.
- 7 Exams. Basket-ball boys beat Potomac.
- 10 Daddy Ridge has trouble with the thermometer.
- 11 Dr. May lectures. Oh! picture man, where art thou?
- 13 Those Senior girls do love marmalade, only Miss Brooks happened to come in at the wrong time.

JANUARY

- 1 Pictures taken. John R pushes over the camera, but doesn't break it, unfortunately
- 4 Basket-ball game with East Lynn.
- 8 Mr. Crosby says school is no place to come to get warm. He hit his head on a nail that time.
- 14 Pipe bursts, no school. Daddy Ridge and Mr. Crosby labor disgustedly.
- 15 Ditto or the same thing (same pipe).
- 16 Collison conspicuous by their absence. Drifts must be rather deep down their way.
- 17 Maude's klondike turns over and she is late to school. Some drifts down her way, too!
- 18 Miss Grosvenor brings Ouija board to school and lets it make out the English grades. Mr. Crosby is thinking of buying an individual Ouija for each pupil to use on Exam days.
- 20 Celebrate with coasting party. Mr. Harper declares he could see the hills advancing as he carelessly rode his scoop-shovel.
- 29 Blessed vacation. At last we have coal and a new semester. May another pipe burst soon.
- 30 Tag day. Who will tag the Mayor's shovel?
- 31 Miss Brooks takes a mysterious short vacation.

FEBRUARY

- 1 Visitors day.
- 5-6 Oh ye Seniors! I am dying, Egypt dying!



- 6 School comes out in force and plays snow-ball.
- 7 Rules posted on the bulletin board. All rubes beware!
- 9 Ye Gods of learning—Saturday school. Surprise party at Vliet's.
- 11 The pet Kewpie comes to school.
- 12 Small celebration for Lincoln. Creek overflows its banks.
- 13 Julia Donaldson gets German measles.
- 15 We sign our loyalty cards.
- 16 Organize a War Savings Stamp Club.
- 18 Lavona takes the measles.
- 20 Marie Andrews takes the measles.
- 22 John R. finds his true occupation in teasing Isa Stodgel. Its lots more fun than studying, he says.
- 23 Another Physics Exam. Oh, boy!
- 25 A certain Junior leaves for parts unknown, (Somewhere in the U. S. A.).
- 26 Mr. Howard and R. F. Creighton visit school.
- 27 Ag. class starts plans for beautifying the H. S. grounds.
- 28 From all reports the Civics class seem to be in the dumps. Miss Brooks is terribly afraid that they wont be able to graduate.

MARCH

- 4 Report cards out. Sidewalk gets changed.
- 5 Hosea T. throws corn on unsuspecting victims below from Ag. window.
- 7 Literary program.
- 8 Irma Huffman takes the measles. Boys leave for the tournament in Danville.
- 11 Boys come home. Oh, you pink and lavender collars!
- 15 More measles. What won't come next?
- 18 Girls decide to furnish the rest room.
- 21 All Seniors but three take the teachers exam. School is dead while they are gone.
- 25 Mr. Harper's brother honors us by his presence.

26 Mr. Hollister visits school, in anticipation thereof the Freshies clean out their desks.

28 Agnes S., Minnie Daniels and Howard C. have the measles.

APRIL

2 Irene has taken to pocket looking glasses.

3 Mr. Harper says; "By George."

4 Flora Foster has the measles.

5 Minnie F. is tied to her chair in Domestic Science.

9 Mr. Crosby turns carpenter and shaves the rest-room floor.

11 Report cards again. How many flunked? Bill has hard work eating candy in the Assembly room so that Miss G. doesn't see.

14 Edna has the measles.

16 Somebody seriously injures Dewey's hair. It lies awfully flat. Front yard gets plowed.

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COURTEOUS TREATMENT

Mr. Crosby—Mike, can you do anything today?

Mike—Not with my hands.

Mr. Crosby—Well don't try anything with your feet.

In Domestic Science—After having concocted rather a worse mess than usual.

Flora—This stuff's awful, I wonder if Miss Grosvenor would like some?

Miss Brooks—Oh, yes, she'll eat anything.

Prof. Crosby—Isa, does the moon affect the tide?

Isa—No sir, merely the untied.

Edna W. has a bad habit of missing chairs in the English Room. Miss Grosvenor says, "Sit down with care."

To jewels Hokie's taste did incline
But she had not a trinket to wear,
Till she slept after taking quinine
And awoke with a ring in each ear.

A worse tale has circulated than that. Mike hit Prof. Crosby with a baseball and he had a ring in his nose.

Daddy Ridge—I found that "not to be used except in case of fire" sign those boys stole out of the corridor, sir.

Prof Crosby—Where?

Daddy R.—They had it nailed over the coal bin.

THE FACULTY

"We've reached a place of draught and heat
Where nothing grows that fit to eat.
We do not live, we only stay,
For we are too poor to move away—"

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It was in Literary Society and Lavona was scheduled for a solo. She apologizes for a slight cold and began:

"I'll hang my harp on a willow tree-e-e-e, ahem!
On a willow tree-e-e-e, O."

Her voice broke on the high note each time. She tried twice more. Then a voice came from the back of the room, "Try hanging it on a lower branch, Bones."

Dewey—The day is dark and cold and dreary, Boo, Hoo.

Why did the boy stand on the burning deck?
Because it was too hot to sit down.

Julia—Would a big, long stocking hold all you want for Xmas?
Irma—No, but a pair of socks would.

SEWING CLASS

Miss Brooks (seeing Minnie Daniels sewing quietly in a corner). Minnie, why don't you use a pattern?

Minnie—(haughtily) I don't need a pattern, I sew by ear.

Somebody tell Irene how to spell "acre." She will insist that it is spelled "acer."

SOME RESULTS (Discussing a No. 10 Box Social)

Edna—Was your bazaar a success?

Lavona—Yes indeed; the Minister will have cause to be grateful.

Edna—How much were the profits?

Lavona—The expenses were more than the receipts, but ten of us got engaged.

Does ginger bite?
No, ginger-snaps.

DODGE BROS.

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Daddy R.—(to suspicious customer). You won't find nothing wrong with that ma'am. All our milks paralyzed by a Government anarchist.

Miss Brooks (Cooking class)—Each can make her own sauce and then put it on herself.

Maude (disgustedly, after cooking celery, which she despises)—I'm going to get a man with strong enough teeth so I won't have to cook his celery for him.

Junior to Sophomore—I thought you took Geometry last semester.
Sophomore—I did, but the faculty encored me.

Miss Brooks—Fish is good for the brain. Let me suggest that you eat a whale.

BEFORE EXAM.

Junior—I'm so cram full of knowledge that I couldn't eat a biscuit without it hitting a Geometry Proposition or a date in History.

Mr. Harper—Now I want you to tell me exactly what the matter is.
Math. Class (Chorus)—Nothing.

Mr. Harper's favorite expression—"Class isn't dismissed yet."

Mr. Crosby's favorite expression, "Now that reminds me of a little story."

Miss Grosvenor—Hepzibah came down the stairs, with a scowl on her face clad in black silk.

Senior—Our English teacher says that just because a man works is no sign that he isn't a lady.

JOHN SELLS

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Andrew—I don't go home during the week. Do you know my mother hasn't seen my face for seven days.

Roy—I don't see how she could; why don't you wash it?

Bill Foster (translating from Immensee)—I clasped her fondly to my breast and pressed her ruby lips to mine. That's as far as I got.
Miss G.—I think that's far enough.

Miss G.—I think that's far enough.

Prof.--John, what is the height of your ambition?

John—Oh, she comes almost to my shoulder.

Julia D. — After the coffee is drunk we wash out the coffee pot, (Should think they would.)

Miss G. (English IV)—Just Judge Pyncheon is left!

Hokie (hurriedly)—I'll take him.

Miss B -- Now for instance take a banana.

Irene—Thank you.

Mr. Crosby (speaking of the table in the lunch-room)—“You’re supposed to keep your lunch on the table or else in your mouth.”

Irene (in Physics) - Countless physical phenomena are constantly taking place, such as railway stations whizzing past. She seems to be the only one who ever witnessed such a thrilling experience.

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KISSACK RESTAURANT SCENE

Mr. Crosby (lunching here because Frau is in Champaign)—I'll take a piece of that blackberry pie.

Mr. Kissack (brushing away the flies with one arm)—Taint blackberry, its custard.

ADD IN THE ARMSTRONG ROASTER

Lost—Part of my interia, some where between the High School and the Burdhouse.—Mr. Harper.

Daddy Ridge (seeing ad.)—That there new feller does have the queerest things.

Peter (Exam. at the gate of Heaven)—Do you know what a vernier Caliper is?

Senior—Say, this isn't Heaven is it?

Minnie Foster (seeing Ruth and Golda sitting with Teddy)—Ruth—Have a seat, Minnie.

Minnie to Julia—if I couldn't sit close to Teddy, I wouldn't sit there at all.

Mr. Crosby—if that Physics Professor doesn't stop running off my apparatus there's going to be war.

Mr. Harper (Geom. II)—You can cancel pi's. (Apple Pies?)

Miss Grosvenor—What state is Concord in?

Dewey—Maine.

MAGAZINES FOR SALE

Review of Reviews—Week before Exams.

The Scrap Book—Senior Class.

Scientific American—Prof. Crosby.

The Critic—The Faculty.

The Popular Weekly—Library Table.

Youth's Companion—Golda Vliet.

The Smart Set—Sophomores.

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HEARD BEFORE EXAMS

“Maybe we won’t have that—”
 “Let’s not study it.”
 “My head’s cram full now.”
 “I’ll pray for you.”
 “Crazy about him.”
 “Mercy on us.”
 “Curses, I know I’ll flunk.”
 “Oh, look who’s here in the hall.”
 “Scared blue in the face.”
 “Oh there’s the bell, somebody loan me a pencil.”

Miss G.—Have you read Shakespeare’s Richard III.?

Andrew—No Ma’am.

Miss G.—Have you read “Christopher Marlowe”?

Andrew—No Ma’am.

Miss G.—Well, what have you read?

Andrew (hopefully)—I have red hair.

A WARNING

Spring’s on her way
 Said Mrs. Boff,
 But have a care,
 Don’t take them off.

Mrs. Johnsing—Can’t stay long Mrs. Snow, I just came to see if you wouldn’t join de Mission Board.

Mrs. Snow—For de lan’ sakes honey doan come to me. I can’t even play de mouf’ organ.

A DISSERTATION ON THE COAL QUESTION

Jan. 28, '18

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Clark--Mamma, when people are in mourning do they wear black night-gowns?

Mamma--Why, of course not.

Clark--Well don't they feel just as bad at night as they do in the day time?

Miss G.--Lowell says something about war being hell, you want to look out for that place.

Julia--The barometer dropped between classes this morning.

Minnie--Did it break?

Miss Grosvenor--Laura, what does riet come from?

Laura--Raten, but I don't know what it means.

Miss G.--Howard, what's raten?

Howard (waking up)--Must have been that frog we cut up this morning.

The semi-chorus had a civil war over a song called "The Land of Nod." To keep peace in the family, Miss Grosvenor invented a song like this:

First Soprano: Did not.

Second Soprano: Did not.

Alto: Well, we didn't either.

OFF THE GRIDDLE

The hotel was crowded and a very fat man was forced to spend the night on a wire cot minus mattress and blankets. "How did you sleep?" inquired the clerk the next morning.

"Oh, I slept all right," the fat man assured him, "but I certainly did look like a waffle when I got up this morning."

IT LOOKED SUSPICIOUS

An old lady with an ear trumpet went to a Scotch Kirk one Sunday. The usher who had never seen an ear trumpet before kept watch and finally said in a hoarse whisper, "One toot and out you go."

Mr. Harper--Somebody kindly run up the shade as far as you can.

A. G. MAURY

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ADVERTISING PAYS

Adds in the Potomac Record bring results—An ad. for an organist at the U. B. church, Armstrong, brought this result:

Dear Sir:

I notice your vacancy for an organist and music teacher, either a lady or gentleman, having been both for several years, I beg to offer you my services.

KATHREEN GROSVENOR.

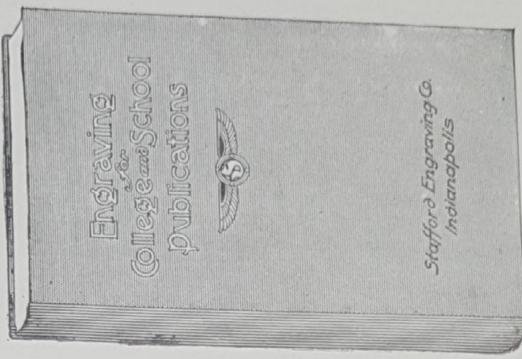
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ARMSTRONG,

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Yes, heat is a won—what? Oh, no we haven't any but it is wonderful, you know. What do we do? Why, Daddy Ridge blows in the pipes and makes his own steam. Yes, we've got some coal now; six whole tons of it. Think of it!

Mr. Crosby says we oughtn't to come to school to get warm anyway. We don't, we never did. In fact such an unheard of thing never entered our noodles. We like pipes that burst. We enjoy watching Daddy Ridge and Prof. Crosby working flat on the floor as hard as though hunting a lost collar button. It gives them exercise. As yet we can't fix the blame on anybody, but it's passed around pretty well, we think. We only have to double our lessons after each delightful vacation. But who cares? We should worry, like a camel and get a hump on ourselves. O. R.

Mr. Harper (in Physics)—Why don't you say something? Don't sit there like a bunch of boneheads.

Edna—"I've got the measles, cause my hair's getting red, isn't it?"